tured, he will be safe, for the Spaniard's are anxious to maintain the neutrality of Russia, and will not maltreat him for fear of causing a rupture with the Czar.

Murat was greatly relieved, and sent for the man who, in the esteem of the Polanders, was the most efficient and intelligent. A handsome young fellow, not yet twenty years of age, was returned to him. The marshal hesitated to send so young a man on a trip so terribly dangerous, but was reassured by the quiet, determined certainty of success expressed by the youth. So they attired him as a Russ., and he struck out on his hazardous errand.

The first two days of his trip were pleasant, but on the third Leckinski was seized by a body of Spaniards, disarmed and brought him before the commanding officer—Castanos himself. He knew the fate that would follow if he were discovered as a Frenchman, and at once hit upon a plan not to permit a word of the gallic to escape him, however pushed, and confine himself entirely to Russian and German; with both languages he was perfectly familiar. The horrible murder of General Rener who was but a few weeks previous captured by the Spanish and subjected to the most horrible tortures, together with the savage threats of his captors, tended to shake his nerves considerable, but it was a matter of life and death, to himself, and the fate of his army, as well, depended upon him, so he determined to play his part well. And he played it well.

"Who are you?" asked Castanos in French. Leckinski looked blankly at him, and answered in German, "I do not understand you."

An interpreter was called, and the most difficult questions put to the courier, but he never gave himself away. Every answer was in Russian or German, and the crowd of men about him hungry for his blood and feeling assured of his identity as one of the French.

Shortly they brought a Spanish peasant, and with him confronted the courier. The peasant recognized him, and with a howl of hatred and joy declared that he had but a week ago sold forage to Leckinski in Madrid, and described the countenance and the man with genuine accuracy. Still the latter could not be phased. He stood mute, and with a face evincing a blissful ignorance of the colloquy about him. Castanos was disposed to acquit the courier, but the soldiers and mob demanded his life. Then the question of Russia's anger in case the man should really be a Russian came up, and his prospective death was compromised upon by a further trial. He was taken to a wretched jail and incarcerated. For twenty-four hours he was without food or drink. Fear, physical fatigue and mental anxiety sat about him like vultures about a dying wayfarer. Too fatigued, he fell asleep without knowing it. He had slept but two hours when a woman entered his cell, and arousing him, asked: "Will you not have something to eat and drink?" It was a cunning trap, but the Pole was not to be entrapped. "What do you want?" he asked drousily, in German. Castanos gave orders to give him food and drink, and to release him. "He is not a Frenchman, but a Russ. No man could control himself so far," he said.

But it was decided to keep him longer, and put him through another series of experiments. Racks, garrottes, and corpses of murdered Frenchmen were exhibited to him but he was still the phlegmatic German. Finally he was brought before a drum-head court. While the preparations for the final trial were being made, horrible threats in French and Spanish were uttered about him, but he continued stolid and ignorant. An interpreter was brought forward. Through him he explained why he was going to Lisbon, showing his passport and the dispatches to the admiral of the Russian fleet. Though subjected to the most intensely scrutinous cross-examination, he stuck to his pseudo nativity and his story without a change of feature or a flaw in his assured veracity.

As a last resort the presiding officer told the interpreter to ask Leckiniski if he loved the Spaniards. The question was put.

"Certainly," said Leckinski. "I am fond of the Spanish nation. I esteem it for its nobility and trust that my nation and it will be friends."

"Colonel," said the interpreter in French, "the prisoner says he hates us because we are bandits. He despises us, and would wish us destroyed, and if delivered will do his utmost against us."

It was a cunning trick. All eyes were fixed upon Leckinski to discover the least shadow of intelligence of the words. But it failed. Unbaffled, he kept the same dead-mask of ignorance upon his face; not a feature moved, nor did he offer the least gesture. This ended his terrible trial. He was released, and his arms and dispatches returned; under safe transport he reached the admiral and fulfilled his mission.

"No Pony, No Ile."

His loving mother said, "If you take some oil I'll let you go to the circus."

"How much?" he cautiously inquired."

"Oh! only a spoonful, just a spoonful," she replied.

"And you'll give me some sugar besides?" he asked.

"Of course I will—a big lump."

He waited until she began pouring from the bottle, then asked, "And you'll give me 10 cents, too?"

"Yes, of course."

"And you'll buy me a shoo-fly kite?" he went on, seeing his advantage.

"I guess so."

"No kite, no ile," he said as he stepped back.

"Well, I'll buy you a kite," she replied, filling the spoon up.

"And a velocipede?"

"I'll think of it."

"You can't think no castor oil down me," he exclaimed, looking around for his hat.

"Here—I will, or I'll tease father to; and I know he will. Come, now, swallow it down,"

"And you'll buy me a goat?"

"Yes."

"And 200 marbles?"

"Yes. Now take it down."

"And a coach dog?"

"I can't promise that."

"All right; no dog, no ile."

"Well, I'll ask your father."

"And you'll buy me a pony?"

"Oh! I couldn't do that. Now be a good boy, and swallow it down."

"O yes, I'll swallow that stuff, I will," he said, as he clapped on his hat. "You may fool some other boy with a circus ticket and a lump of brown sugar, but it'll take a hundred dollar pony to trot that caster oil down my throat."

The Brakeman's Story.

"Yes, sir," said the brakeman, as he stood by the stove warming his numbed hands, after coming in from brakeing. "People think as they sit here in their warm seats and only hear us call out the different stations, that we have a nice, soft, easy time. But we know better. Imagine yourself out on a flat car all night with the snow dashing into your face, your hands on a cold iron brake, and think if that's easy; or up on top of a freight car, running along, the wind cutting as a knife, dark as pitch, and watching for fear you may rush suddenly under a bridge and be swept off, and perhaps left to die in the snow. Is that easy? Does that look like a soft job? To be sure when we are transferred to passenger cars, the work is nice enough, but the dangers we have to go through (for generally we have to go on freight cars first) entitle us to something better on a passenger car, and we ain't sorry when we get orders to take the head end of such a train.

"There is a very few brakemen who can't tell some never-to-be-forgotten incident connected with their life on the rail. To explain, let me tell you a story of my own experience.

'I remember one night, it was fearfully cold, right in the middle of winter, and snowing hard, I was brakeman in the middle of a freight train. It was running along on slow time that night, and we were two or three miles from the station. I was standing by the brake of a flat car trying to get warm by stamping, wishing we were at the depot so that I could go back to the caboose out of the bitter cold, when suddenly I felt the train bumping and jumping as if a wheel had broken, and I knew something was wrong. The whistle blew for brakes, and in mighty short time we had the train stopped.

'With the rest of the men I went back to see what was the matter, think that I might get a chance at the stove, for I was nearly frozen. Going back about three hundred feet, we found that one of the rails had got loose and was out of place, but as we had been going slow, we had run over the spot safely. Our conductor looked up, and seeing me; said, hurriedly:

'Jim, get back and signal the passenger train. She will be along in a short time, now; and take this,' he said, handing me a red light lantern; 'we'll go on. You can come along with the other train.'

"With that all hands got on board, and soon there was nothing but myself and the lantern left. A cold gust brought me to myself with a quick turn, and then I remembered what I had to do. Holding the lantern up, I saw the light flickering, and shaking it found it almost empty.

"Then I began to feel the responsibility of my position. A lamp without oil in it, the train due in ten minutes, with the chances of being thrown from the track, and no telling how many people killed or wounded! In a case of this kind, sir, every brakeman will do his best to save human life, although he sometimes looses his own in the attempt, and all he gets for it is having his name in the paper and being a brave fellow.

'Quicker than I tell it, I made up my mind that the train must be signaled, lamp or no lamp. But how to do it was the question. If I ran ahead without a light the engineer might think I wanted to stop the train for robbery—for such things have often been done, you know—and would not only dash right on faster than ever, but maybe try to scald me as the locomotive rushed by.

'I tell you I felt like praying just then—but brakemen are not selected for their religious feelings, so I did'nt pray much, but looked around and saw a light shining in a window some distance off. I laid down my lantern carefully on the track, and made a bee line for the house, and soon brought a woman to the door, who looked more frightened than I was at my excited appearance. It was useless to ask for sperm oil—the only sort we use—so I cried out—

"For God's sake give me some straw.'

"She seemed to realize the position, and quickly brought a bundle. Feeling in my pocket, I found three matches, and grabbing the straw, I made my way back to the track.

"Laying the straw between the rails, I struck a match and shoved it into the bundle. It flickered an instant, and then went out. I felt and found the straw damp. Just then a dull, faint, rumbling sound came down on the wind, and I knew she was coming—the train would soon be there.

"I struck the second match, and it touched off the straw. A blaze, a little smoke, and it was dark again, and, raising my eyes, I saw the headlight of the approaching train away in the distance. But trains don't crawl, and the buzzing along the rail told me to be lively. The red light was burning but faintly; five minutes more and it would go out. For an instant I stood paralyzed, when a shrill scream from the engine brought me to my senses, and I saw that inside of two minutes more she would be on the spot.

"Seizing the lantern with one hand, I struck the last match, and bending down, laid it carefully inside the straw, and then dashed forward, waving the red light. The glare from the headlight shone down the track, and the engineer saw me, but did not notice the red light—the sudden waiving had put it out—only screeching she came straight on. When the train was almost on me, I jumped one side, and slinging the lantern over my head, dashed it into the cab. The engineer saw the lamp as it broke on the floor, and seeing the red glass and battered lantern, whistled the danger signal and tried to check up.

"Looking down the track, I almost screamed from excitement. The last match had found a dry spot, and the straw was blazing up brightly. The train came to a standstill. She was saved; that's all I remember.

"The next I knew I was in the baggage car. They said they found me lying by the train in a dead faint, and excuse me, we are going to stop now. Stamford!" he sang out.

The train stopped and the writer went home satisfied that a brakeman's life is an exciting one.

Who are and Who are not Entitled to Bounty Under Existing Laws.

We are constantly in receipt of inquiries respecting Bounties and as it is impracticable where there is such a multitude of questions for us to answer each individual inquiry in our "Correspondents' Column," we publish the subjoined remarks for the information of our readers generally.

CLASS 1. Those who enlisted in the Army for THREE years between May 4, 1861 and July 22, 1861, and who were actually mustered into the U. S. service prior to August 6, 1861, and who were discharged on account of disease contracted in the line of duty, and musicians enlisted as above and discharged by reason of discontinuance of bands, before a service of two years, are entitled to $100 bounty, provided they have not received the same.. See Act, April 22, 1872.

Remarks: This class are not entitled to the ADDITIONAL bounty of $100 provided by the act of Congress approved July 28, 1866.

Heirs are not entitled to this Bounty, nor are soldiers who were discharged *on account of a disability which existed at time of enlistment.*

CLASS 2. Those who enlisted in the Army for either two or three years between April 12, 1861 and October 24, 1863, in OLD regiments (those which had already left the state) and those who enlisted for a term of two or three years between April 12, 1861 and December 24, 1863 in NEW regiments (those which had not left the state) and those who enlisted between April 1, 1864 and July 18, 1864, become entitled to $100 bounty provided they served two full years as ENLISTED MEN or were discharged by reason of WOUNDS, OR INJURIES IN THE NATURE OF WOUNDS, incurred while *in the line of duty*, or on account of government no longer requiring their services or by reason of expiration of term of enlistment.

Remarks: Men of this class discharged before full two years' service to accept commissions forfeit the bounty.

Heirs of soldiers of this class who die in the service are entitled to this bounty, provided they have not received the same.

This class, and this class only, are entitled to the additional bountyact of July 28, 1866.

CLASS 3. Those who enlisted after July 18, 1864, were promised a bounty of $100 for one (1) year, $200 for two (2) years, and $300 for three (3) years. This bounty was due and payable as follows: One-third at the muster-in; one-third at the first regular pay-day after serving one-half the term of enlistment and the remaining one-third at the expiration of term of enlistment.

Remarks: A soldier who did not serve *one-half of his term* of enlistment did not become entitled to the *second* installment of this bounty and the *third* installment did not become due unless he served out *his full term* or was discharged on account of a *wound* If discharged by reason of a DISEASE the unaccrued installments were forfeited. This class are not entitled to the additional bounty provided by the act of July 28, 1866.

Promotion to the grade of commissioned officers cut off the unaccrued installments of bounty.

CLASS 4. Those who enlisted for a period of three (3) years between October 24, 1863 and April 1, 1864 in OLD regiments (those already in the field) and those who enlisted in NEW regiments (those which had not left for the field) between December 24, 1863 and April 1, 1864, became entitled to bounty as follows: $60 advance at time of muster-in; $40 when two (2) months had been served; $40 after six (6) months service; $40 after twelve (12) months service; $40 after eighteen (18) months; $40 after twenty-four (24) months service and $40 at the expiration of term of enlistment, making a bounty of $300.

Remarks: Heirs of soldiers of this class who die in the service are entitled to the installments remaining unpaid at the date of the soldier's death.

This class are not entitled to the *additional* bounty act of July, 28, 1866.

Promotion to the grade of commissioned officer cuts off the unaccrued installments.

Those of this class discharged by reason of *disease* are not entitled to the unaccrued installment; but if discharged on account of a *wound or injury in the nature of a wound*, or by *reason of services being no longer required*, or on account of expiration of time of enlistment, they become entitled to the full $300 bounty.

CLASS 5. Those who, after having rendered full nine (9) months' continuous service in the army, after April 12, 1861, received an honorable discharge, and afterwards reenlisted in *another organization* for *three years*, between January 1, 1863, and April 1, 1864, (enlistments in the Veteran Reserve Corps excepted,) are, if not already mustered as veteran volunteers, entitled to be placed on the rolls of the regiment in which they enlisted the second time as VETERAN VOLUNTEERS. Such change of record would entitle them to a further bounty of $100 or $200, according to the date of their second enlistment.

CLASS 6. Drafted men and substitutes for men who had actually been drafted, who entered the service for a term of THREE YEARS between March 3, 1863, and September 5, 1864, became entitled to $100 bounty, provided they served two full years as enlisted men, or were discharged on account of wound or injury, or by reason of close of war or expiration of time of service.

REMARKS: Heirs of soldiers of this class who died in the service are entitled to this bounty.

This class have no title to the additional bounty, act of July 28, 1866.

GENERAL REMARKS: An uncanceled charge of desertion on the muster rolls is a bar to the payment of any bounty. The charge must be removed before bounties can be collected.

DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE carries with it forfeiture of bounty, as well as pay and other allowances.

Those who enlisted for ONE HUNDRED DAYS, or for THREE, SIX OR NINE MONTHS, are not entitled to bounty for such enlistments, nor are these who enlisted for ONE YEAR PRIOR TO JULY 18, 1864.

Our readers, by a careful perusal of the foregoing remarks, will notice there is some peculiarity in his case, and be enabled to determine whether he is entitled to any further bounty.

The Equalization Bounty Bill now before Congress proposes to grant eight and one-third dollars bounty for each month of service, deducting all United States bounty heretofore paid. Eight and one-third dollars bounty is equal to $100 bounty a year. Any of our readers who desire to learn the amount of bounty to which they will entitled should the Equalization Bill become a law should multiply the number of months of actual service by eight and one-third dollars, and from the product subtract the amount of bounty already received from the United States. The remainder will show the amount they will be entitled to receive, the bill becomes a law.

The subject of conversation at an evening entertainment was the the intelligence of animals, particularly of dogs. Snys Smith: "There are dogs that have more sense than their masters." "Just so," responds young Fitznoodly, "I've got that kind of a dog myself."